

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888.

The Democratic Defeat-Courage! When a party deliberately buries out of sight the principles on which it was founded, and of which it has been for a century the custodian and trustee; when it sends some of its best men to the rear and surrenders the management of its affairs to a syndicate of cracked intellects and theorist-enthusiasts with just enough shrewdness to half disguise their ultimate purpose; when it abandons politics, in the sane sense, and makes itself an engine for the propagation of a theory-in short, when it goes in for an educational canvass, some-

body is bound to be educated. That is what happened yesterday.

The great mass of the Democracy, sound to the core, loyal as ever to the essential and eternal truths of its creed, hopeful even in defeat and courageous and unshaken this dismal November morning, is the victim of the educational campaign. It has been educated with a vengeance, and at a tremendous cost. It has learned its lesson, and not likely to forget the same.

For ourselves, we have done what we could to check the foliy of the past twelve months. We have seen very clearly the event to which it tended. In good faith and with a single view to the party's interests, we have incurred some of the peculiar gratitude that is the reward of the friend who speaks the truth, of the counsellor who had rather be misunderstood than mislead. That is all right. That was to be expected, and it was expected. But it seems to us that we have carned the privilege of speaking plain words this morning.

But there is no need that the plain words should be bitter; nor is it time just yet to write the list of the architects of disaster. The Democratic party's face is toward the future, and its watchwords are Courage and Hope!

Congratulations.

We tender our hearty congratulations to the campaign managers on both sides. The struggle is over; their job is done; they

ought all to be happy.

Those who win should be happy because they win, and those who are beaten should be happy because they have not got to work any longer at a hopeless task.

But what we congratulate them on the most heartily is that they are no longer under the necessity of making claims about which they cannot be certain, and pretending to a confidence which they don't feel.

The question is sometimes discussed in debating societies whether it is ever right to lie: but, right or wrong, the necessity of lying cannot be avoided when a set of men take charge of a campaign. Suppose that weeks or days beforehand they become absolutely convinced that they are beaten, and that the election day will merely record a decision which cannot be changed or avoided; does anybody suppose that in such a situation they are going to own the truth and say to the public, "Yes, we know we are going to be smashed"? Of course not. That would be to give away the whole thing; and they would be scorned as fools or traitors not only by their own followers, but by their antagonists as well. So they keep a stiff upper lip, and put out calculations and estimates and assurances, all showing that victory is sure to be theirs, and all the while they know that the only thing sure to be theirs is defeat.

tter which party they may belong or Prohibitionists, or Labor men or Democrats, they are bound to show a face of serena confidence, else they can never inspire their followers with the courage and hope that are necessary to the indispensable continuance of the struggle.

Well, it is all over now for the present, and while this sort of lying and false pretence cannot be justified in the tribunal of pure morals, it is practised as a necessary part of the science of politics.

Besides, it is not all lying. The zeal of the contest, and faith in the cause must be counted for a large part of it. Yet it must be a great relief to be out of it and to be able to tell the square and sure enough truth once again; and thereupon we congratulate the patriotic and devoted managers of all the parties. They have done their duty and played their parts the very best they could; and amid the joy of the victors and the not too intense grief of the vanquished we will let the curtain fall. In 1892 it will be raised again.

The Knife in Cleveland's Back.

It is now proper to copy again from the New York Times of the 11th of last July the impudent threat which that Mugwump journal then addressed to the Democracy of

"The Democratic party of this State may need all the support this year that it can get. The tariff issue is going to change many votes, and no man can calculate the net result. Many Republicans and most indethe net result. Many Republicans and most inde-pendents are disposed to support the Democratic na-tional ticket and platform, and their support is decidedly worth having, but they will sever support little for Governer. It me net of so much consequence what votes he might less as a candidate as what votes the party might less as a consequence of nom-hating him. Those who have a rooted dislike of the Democratic party, derived from past associations might expresses it so far as to vote for ciations, might evercome it so far as to vote for CLAYELAND and tariff reform if there were a fair assur see that the party itself had risen to the President's vel. But if in this the greatest State of the Union. and that which is of the most importance to it in the national canvass, it shows itself capable of renominating list, in the face of his disgraceful record, these wen trid gicken at the prospect, and conclude that the party is very far from being regenerated. His nomination would

We also copy again from the New York Knewing Post the following equally impudent threat, made about two months later:

may be essential to its success in the national election.

"Tuere are thousands of voters in the State to-daywe speak from information on this point-who are inclined to vote for CLEVELAND and tariff reform, but who will, if Governor Hill be renominated, turn in sheer disgust from a party which is capable of such an aut." And even that callow Mugwump weekly,

the Epoch, had its feeble say: "The nomination of Governor Hill is an outrage.

is an insult to every taxpayer in the State of New York.
11- flaces the election of CLEVELAND and THERMAN in great jeopardy. It apeaks volumes for the stupidity of the Democratic leaders. It is the mistake of the cam-The Democracy of New York arranged its

own nominations. To all these threats and warnings, repeated over and over again in different forms by the Mugwump organs of this town, both before and after the nomination of Governor HILL, THE SUN replied at the time: "The Mugwump and Jones-God-HIN vote may go to Sheel."

town, where the Times and the Re ming Post circulate, Gov. HILL's plurality ex ceeds Mr . CLEVELAND'S by nearly 10,000. And ye & Mr. CLEVELAND'S plurality is about 15,0 to larger than HANCOCK's in 1880, and about

13,000 larger than his own in 1884. Either the Mugwump vote went : to Sheed or the Mugwump knife went in to CLEVE-LAND's own back.

Father Abram.

Well, our grand old Father ABRAM is beaten. We are mighty sorry for it. We fought for him with the same earnestness with which he fought for the good of New York, only to be beaten by the youngen head of an organization more compact more powerful, and infinitely better equipp ed and prepared for such a contest.

But that was not the main cause of Fath er ABBAM's failure after such a glorious ma nagement of the municipal Government. The great, the insuperable trouble in his pith was the insupportable weight of the collective offensiveness of Mugwump app rotation. All the outlets for Mugwump | maise were turned on poor Mr. HEWETT.

The New York Times was for him . The evening Post put him in its notorious . Voters' Directory as a good man who wou' id stand the Mugwump test of political " independence" and irresponsibility. All , the little Mugwumps said yes to all the 4 the Post and Times said, and the result w as that they piled on Father ABRAM's back a load heavy enough to crush the gallant ol 1 runner down

befor e he got within sight of the winning post. Without this unbearable incubus Father ARRA M would have sailed t brough triumphantly . With it he has 'oeen forced to keep comp any in the rear with GROVER CLEVE-

It is a valuable lesson in political philosoph iv, certainly; but we wish that it had been 'illust rated in the case of some can didate of le is public value and importa ace than the A layer.

Ought the Law of Libel to be Change d?

For the last ten days our esteemed contemporary, the New York Herald, has devoked a good deal ed space to discussing the law of libel as it exists in this State and in other States . The Herald avers that the law of libel is now all wrong, and that it must be chai iged, or, to use its own words, That the law is crude, unjust, and ha need of radical refe rm." This view, advanced in its editorial col tumns, it seeks to strengthen by the opinion; of various journalists in this and other cities 3. What radical changes or reforms does our

ontemporary a uggest?

In the first 1 luce, the Herald would clo away with the ci vil action for libel or civil suits for damages, on the ground that the law of libel offers nove constant inducements to a class of pettyfogging lawyers to bring vexatious and unjustifiable suits for money damages. In the second place, the Herald wants the criminal law of libel made more severe, and, lastly, our contemporary desires the courts or the Legislature to change the rule as to the inference of malice.

We sympathize entirely with the Herald in ts denunciations of those unworthy members of the bar who seek to blackmail great newspapers into the payment of money in settlement of uni ounded libel suits, or who seek to hoodwink juries into giving an unworthy client a verdict in order that they may share in the spoils. Speculative suits of this kind are of course oppressive and inconvenient; but, after all, they are not immeasurably evil and can make no more lasting Impression t han the attack of a swarm of gad flies upon a giant king of the forest, and the annoyance caused by such "shysters," as the Herald terms them, hardly constitutes sufficient reseon why the whole fabric of the law of libel should be overturned.

Are the changes advocated by our contemporary wise or desirable? A newspaper, however ably and honestly conducted cannot avoid certain libel suits. For instance, where an incorrect report of a trial or lawsuit is flushed over the wires late at night and bears every evidence of correctness and authenticity; or where a person who has committed one crime has been accidentally charged in the news report of the case with the commission of some lesser offence. But, in such cases, as a rule, juries are intelligent, and when it is shown that the writer, reporter, or editor bore no ill will or malice against the individual, and that the report r news item was published in good faith and in the belief that It was true, no verdict is apt to be found for anything more than

merely nominal damages.

Specul ative libel suits instituted by person of bad character who see in their fancied wrongs the means of securing a few hundred dollars are rarely successful. It is true that such cases are sometimes settled by newspapers rather than to be subjected to the annoyance and expense of a trial, but the sums paid are generally very small and do not materially affect the expense account, and to at rogate the civil action of libel merely on account of vexatious suits brought by hungry attorneys would be to creste a greater evil for the sake of avoiding a lesser inconvenience. The Herald's concurrent remedy of abolishing the civil action and altering the criminal action would not work justice; for there are many cases in which a civil action is and will alway a be the proper remedy, and where the criminal conviction would be so severe a punishment that juries would inevitably refuse to bonvict. Where a statement injurious to the financial credit or standing of a merchant has been negligently published, it would be absurd to send the editor or publisher to prison, while, at the same time, it might be rigiat and proper that some pecuniary compensation should be made for the injury don's; or, where some unfounded publication reflecting upon the character of an individual has been accidentally made, a civil sult, resulting only in nominal damages, may be advisable for the vindication of the plaintiff's character. As the law now stancis, it is difficult to secure convictions for criminal libel. The police magistrates hesitate to commit, and the Grand Jury will not indict except where the offence is most aggravated, and, if the law were made more severe than it is to-day, there then would be still fewer convictions for criminal libel. If the civil action were abolished and all pecuniary responsibility removed, many papers would become reckless and there would be at once an enormous increase in the crop of libels. The civil action for damages, as well as the criminal prosecution, serves a uneful end, the civil action being the proper remedy in the majority of cases, and the criminal fiction offering redress where some innocen't person has been maliciously

charged with the commission of a crime. The Herald does not appear to be accurately informed as to what the criminal law of likel it to-day:

"We should like to see the law changed, and made more sever w. A libel suit against a newspaper ought to be a cd imin all suit, brought against that person in the paper when a wickedness or carelessness wrought the paper where a wickedness or caretesiness wrought the injury, be be correspondent, news editor, reporter, editorial writer, or whoever may have been the effective 'utterer' of 'the offence, and the punishment should be not a fine, 'sat imprisonment. Such a change in the law would 'work great good in the pross.

"It is high time to de away with this iniquitous relic of the pant, and make a law which will reach and pun-

ish the real offender, the actual author of Seporter of ish the real emender to setual and the libellous publication, a law which will provide equal protection for press and people. A crimical law of this kind property enforced we all have the most salutary deterrent effect on the or affection of libels."

The provisions of the Penal Code of this State in regard to lit al are severe enough aire ady. No chang in the law of criminal libel is needed. Section 242 of the Penal Cod s providest' aat " amalicious publication, by veriting, ', rinting, picture, effigy, sign or othe gwise chan by mere speech, which expos s. any living person or the memory of anv person deceased to hatred, contempt, ridi sule, or obloquy, or which causes or tends to cause any person to be shunned or avo ided or which has a tendency to injure any person, corporation, or association of per sons, in his or their business or occupatio a, is a libel." The following section reads, A. person who publishes a libel is guilty of a misde meanor," and the effective utterer of the 'libel, to use the language of the Herald, be he correspondent, news editor, reporter, or edi torial writer, is responsible, and upon conviction can be punished by fine or by imprise anment or by both. And all those who par icipate in the publication of the libel, all acc omplices in the commission of the offer ce, just as in the case of other crimes, are

lif ble to indictment and conviction. So, if our esteemed contemporary will arefully examine the provisions of the Penal Code and the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of The People set. SHERMAN, it will find that just the law which it desires passed is already on our statute books, and that its provisions are quite sovere enough.

Agalu, says the Herald, "another unjust cature is the rule as to malice. Malice is essential to the offence. But, instead of requiring the party complaining to show that the libel was published maliciously and with bad motive, the law presumes malice on the part of the defendant, and requires him to prove his innocence, which is simply ridiculous." Where an article is published or a communication is made in the discharge of some public or private duty which makes the publication or the communication what s termed in the law privileged, there exists no inference of malice, or, as the Court of Appeals has said. "The occasion that makes communication privileged is when one has in interest in a matter or a duty in regard to it, or there is a propriety in utterance, and he makes a statement in good faith to another who has a like interest or duty, or to whom a like propriety attaches to hear the utterance.'

So, where the publication is of general public interest, or the publication is one to which public interest has been invited, it is privileged. In such cases it is incumbent upon the plaintiff to prove actual malice; and so, too, in the report of a trial or judicial proceeding malice will not be inforred, but actual malice on the part of the writer or publisher must be proved. Where a publication is privileged, and actual malice is sought to be shown, the question of mali ce must be submitted to the jury. On the other hand, it is equally well settled that where no privilege exists malice will be infarred from the proof of the falseness of the libel. The falsity of the libel is sufficient legal proof of malice to uphold a verdict, and the amount of the verdict is in the discretion

of the jury. Now, this may be a pretty hard rule for newspapers, and undoubtedly it often works injustice; but, on the whole, it is only fair, for in many cases, even where a party had been grossly wronged by the publication of some untrue statement, it would be impossible to show that the publication had een prompted by any actual malice on the part of the editor or the writer. A man untruly accused of murder or any other heinous crime might find it impossible to secure any redress; and if the writer, editor, or publisher were only responsible when actual paslice was proved the papers would teem

with reckless and negligent errors. Finally, the law of libel as it now exists is referable to what it would be if changed as proposed by the Herald.

Sheridan and Field Marshal Murat Hal-

By a rather singular coincidence, two of the leading magazines for November contain independent accounts of the battle of Gravelotte, as witnessed by two distinguished American military authorities. Gen. SHERIDAN'S narrative in Scribner's is written with a literary ability which indicates that the forthcoming Memoirs of the General will be a book of extraordinary interest. The story of Sheri-DAN'S reception and entertainment by BISMARCK when he went to witness the military operations from the German side, his establishment at the King's headquarters as an honored and welcome guest, his familiar intercourse with BISMARCK, VON MOLTKE, King WILLIAM, and the other great figures ussisting at the death of one empire and the birth of another, and especially his observations from the historic knoll overlooking the plain where four hundred thousand men were engaged, is as fascinating throughout

as anything that can be imagined. On the same hill, a little away from the group that included the King, Prince Bis-MARCK, VON MOLTRE, and SHERIDAN, sat Field Marshal MUBAT HALSTEAD of Cincinnati. He recounts his experiences and observations in the Century for this month. Although the Field Marshal did not enjoy the General's exceptional facilities for getting to the front, he got there just the same. Unabashed by the near presence of royalty, this independent and energetic American journalist, seated between two dead horses in a chair which he had extricated from a wrecked amubiance, field glass at his eyes and note book in his hand, watched the progress of events in the mighty conflict raging along the six miles' line. His story is hardly less interesting than SHERI-DAN'S; although we notice that while the Field Marshal mentions meeting Sheridan on the battlefield, the General has nothing to

say about HALSTEAD's being there. Ta ken together, these two accounts give the reader a most vivid, picturesque, and satis factory idea of the battle which decided the fortunes of the Franco-German war. The fact that SHERIDAN was escorted to the front with such distinguished honors, and the fact that Field Marshal MURAT HAL-SIEAD got there on his own hook and occupied an equally good front seat, ought to be alike gratifying to American pride.

Tite Death Penalty for a Chicken Thief.

At about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning two thieves stole several chickens from the precuises of John TEMPLETON on Baldwin avenue, in Jersey City. As they were making their way off, they were encountered by Policenasti Charles Lange, who arrested As he was escorting them to the station, house, both broke away from the officer, who started in pursuit and succeeded in recapturing one of them, named Will-LIAM STEMMER. The prisoner got away a secon d time, whereupon the policeman fired at hi m, inflicting a wound which has been

runaway prisoner so important as to justify taking his life in order to stop his flight?

We think not. If the crime which he attempted or committed had been one which involved personal violence or danger to the life or limb of any one, the case would be very different; but it seems inexcusably severe to shoot down a prisoner charged only with the offence of petit larceny.

Whatever may be the law on this subject in New Jersey, the law of New York does not justify a homicide committed in retaking a prisoner unless he has either committed a felony, or been arrested for, or been convicted of; and petit larceny is not a felony, but a misdemeanor.

A revolver in the hands of a police officer s an excellent thing if used with discretion; but it is not placed there to be employed in shooting down runaway chicken thieves. These petty offenders deserve punishment, but their crime is not one for which a civflized people desire to put men to death.

The Next Mayor.

He will be younger than the present Mayor by thirty years. He will be heavier by about fifty pounds. He will be, in the beginning, incomparably less equipped with the learning and experience which entitle a man to seek the duty of running the city of

As for his years they will increase. Weight always tells. And in regard to the higher acquirements needed in the Mayor, he will have a solid three years in which to perfeet and develop himself. Let us hope that his course of education will be to the city's advantage and prosperity and to his own elevation to the point of general esteem up to which the public loves to climb when in search of a candidate for the higher offices, who will justify a satisfactory answer to that most crucial of political catechisms, "What's the matter with him?" When it is asked in the future, What's the matter with Grant? we trust that the answer will be that he's all right

The Last Educational Campaigu. The present generation of Democrats will never see another educational campaign.

Once is often enough. Hereafter, the management of Democratic nterests will be put in the hands of men who are Democrats first, and who will work first for Democratic victory.

Even yet Col. JAMES J. COOGAN is not utterly discouraged by his experience in yester-day's election. It has been a costly business for him, but he has learned more about practical politics, political managers and heelers, political prophecy, tomfoolery electioneering, than he knew before the opening of his roughhewn campaign for the Mayoralty. He has been an entertaining candidate.

Without any intention to interfere, we respectfully nominate Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD for Chaplain of the United States Senate.

The new voter is not a Mugwump.

Now let all political managers and others who have been guilty of any wrong deed, or of prevariention, duplicity, or mendacity in the nterest of their party or of any candidate repent, and resolve never again to fall into emptation like that which misled them.

We presume there is truth in the news cabled from London that the British Govern-ment has sent a "moderate and dignified" despatch to Washington about the SACKVILLE affair. Truly, it has not the slightest ground for complaint against the President's action in the case. Lord SACEVILLE grossly violated the proprieties that he ought to have carefully observed, and the British Government itself, upon earning the facts, ought to have recalled him. without waiting for his dismissal by our Government, which took a course both moderate and dignified. There is not the least need of exchanging any hard words upon the subject.

Col. Coogan has been threatening to tell he name of the corruptionist who offered him a bribe of \$100,000 to retire from the canvass for the Mayoralty. It is to be desired that the Colonel shall carry out this threat without delay, even though the exposure may be somewhat painful to him. None of the details of an attempt such as Col. Coogan has spoken of should be kept secret. The facts are of deep interest to the public.

The Republican machine of this city endorsed four of the Assembly candidates of the United Labor party and two of the Congress candidates. The result has not given encouragement to the sort of trading that was

The Socialists of this city had forty-four candidates on their County, Aldermanic, Assembly, and Congressional tickets, and all but two of the whole lot were citizens of German birth and name. Here is a list of the names: City and County Ticket-Alex. Jonas. W. Hintze. Heinrich Voth, Waldemar Dorfman, G. F. Leulwes, C. H. W. Cook, Heinrich Schneppe. For Aldermen-Leon Spector, Ch. Mierzinschy. P. Krebs, Jacob Schoen, Fritz Bockleni, Franz Koenig, W. Schneider, Oscar Weissbarth, Hermann Nitzscke, P. Zoeller, Fritz Gardhausen Fritz Dockert, Otto Beichert, Gus. Dressler. For Assembly-Louis Muller, Bernard Weinstein, Heinrich Schmidt, Peter Krebs, Jr., F. Gorben. W. L. Rosenberg. Carl Finkenstadt, Heinrich Wilka, Emil Dietz, J. F. Becker, Hermann Mittleberg, Carl Arnold, Alex. Falke, Wenzel Bockroony. For Congress-Lehman Blynn, Christian Jaeger, John Schaeffer, Geo. Knight, John Hensen, Edw. Wolff, J. Jacob Flick. Hermann Kahn, Edw. Goldschmidt. Truly, some of our Down East Yankees and Wild Westerners would find it hard to go through this list of names and pronounce them all so that their owners would know them.

Several persons who were guilty of false according to the penalties provided by the law. There are others under accusation and arrest awaiting trial. Besides these cases, there were many arrests yesterday for attempting to vote illegally. Let no innocent man suffer wrong. Let no guilty man escape, whatever party he trains with. This is not a party question.

There is an imperative demand for the amendment of the immigration laws, so that criminals and paupers may be prevented from landing on our shores. There is already a law applicable to such persons, but it is not sufficiently comprehensive or rigorous, and is constantly violated by steamship companies.

We have no doubt of the accuracy of Col. Coogan's statement that he has "spent more money in the Mayoralty canvass than was ever put up by any other candidate for the office. We presume he will now admit that he has not used his capital as shrewdly in the election as he uses it in his ordinary business. It has been astonishing to see a practical and successful man of large experience throwing hard cash to rapacious and incompetent heelers as he has done. His sagacity ought to have saved him from their clutches. His ambition to be elected Mayor of New York appears to have blinded his eyes. But it was a proper ambition for our enterprising fellow citizen to entertain.

Thirty days ago the lowest estimate of the Evening Post of the number of Mugwumps who would vote for CLEVELAND, but knife HILL. was 30,000, and the New York Times put the number at 35,000 at the least. In distributing the decorations for dis

Death is a pretty severe penalty for stealing a few chickens. Was the arrest of this where would the Democracy have been?

AT THE POLLS IN BROOKLYN. Very Large Vote Polled Early-Great Crowds Awalting the Returns,

The election in Brooklyn passed off quietly and without any especially exciting incidents The fine weather brought out an early and a remarkably full vote, and, although the polls were better manned than ever before by the representatives of the contending parties, the vast majority of the voters came to the polls with their ballots already carefully prepared. Never before have the waiscoat pocket voters turned up in such large numbers. The army of ticket peddlers stuck to their posts from 6:37 A. M., when the polls opened, until 4:51 P. M., when they closed, but there was very little work for them to do in the way of persuasion. The long educational campaign had done its work effectively and the voters, almost without exception, came to the polls with their minds resolutely fixed.

and the voters, almost without exception, came to the polls with their minds resolutely fixed. The voters came out so early that at 10 o'clock fully one-hall the registered vote of more than 155,000 was polled, and at 3 o'clock the district leaders reported that not more than 10 to 15 voters were missing from each district. Carriages were sent after the absent voters by the Democratic and Republican managers. The Young Republican Club, as usual, did effective service for its party. Five or six representatives of the club were stationed at each polling place, and during the day they kept a complete tally of the vote, Cosches were despatched early in the afternoon to hunt up the absent voters who were supposed to be Republicans. In this way the Young Republican Club managed to capture a good many votes for Harrison and Morton.

The Democratic managers were also active, and kept a close watch all along the line of baitle. Each side awaited the counting of the ballots with intense interest. From an early hour in the evening immense throngs of people were congregated in the various political centres anxiously awaiting the announcement of the returns. City Hall square was filled with a tumultuous crowd, and cheers and campaign cries were kept up incessanily. The various newspaper and other election bulletins were surrounded by excited bodies of people, and it seemed as if all Brooklyn had determined to make a night of it, and not go home until the result was known. The returns were displayed in front of the various political headquarters, and the Young Republican Club held possession of the Clermont Avenue Rink, where the returns were read off to an audience of several thousand persons.

Although nearly 1,000 warrants had been issued for the arrest of alleged fraudulently registered voters altogether not more than a score of arrests were made. Those who had registered gillegally, were frightened by the vigilance of the United States Marshal and his denuties, and both sides admit that the election was not only the mos

singging contests.

The interest in this ward was centred in the fight for Supervisor. The election of Lawrence Carroll over Nathaniel Smith would mean the downfall of the leaders in the ward, ex-Coroner Nolan and Justice Kenna

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY "I doubt if anything is more instructive of the genral tenor of the American people" said the European traveler of a commercial house who has spoken once o take two trips a year to the other side, and the bane of my existence are the surly, savage, unpleasant, and ar-rogant officials on the frontiers of Germany, France, Austria, and England. It seems to be the delight of their was to insult travellers at every opportunity, and passing through their hands is almost equivalent to getting a whipping. It is very different from all this to meet the Custom House men on this side. They start in with a joke, and carry it out on that basis from the moment they begin to speak up to the end of the chapter. Everything that the incoming traveler says is turned into good-humored nonsense, and passing a Custom House here, if a man is but good tempered, easy, and honest, partakes of the nature of a lark. I have no sym nathy with the people who are so continually hammer-ingfat, Collector Magone's men. One thing is certain, and that is that no man, no matter who he is, need fear the customs officials of New York, if he keeps his good humor intact, and does not try to impose upon the de-partment too much. At all events, the good nature and unpretension of the men should carry the citizen a long vay toward a feeling of satisfaction after the treatment he is subjected to abroad."

The writer stepped into a candy store at upper way last night at 9 o'clock to buy a package of candy, and was waiting for the parcei to be tied up when he saw one of the girls behind the cashier's desk suddenly place her head upon her hands and begin to shake vio iently. Her sobs could be heard all the way through the store. Another girl who was near her placed her arm affectionately and sympathetically over the crying woman's shoulders and spoke to her in a comforting voice. The girl sobbed for a moment more, and then drying her eyes went on with her work after a "Has she had some sudden misfortune?" I asked the

weary and ill. The hours are so long, you know, and the rules so strict, that the tension becomes too much at times to stand. Then the girls give away. It is excus-able; don't you think so?"
"It is indeed. You don't mean to tell me that such

"Not only here, but everywhere else where women have to serve such long hours. Fourteen hours of consecutive work in a hot shop is enough to rhin the nervous organization of almost any woman. The most difficult part of it all is the necessity to fulfil our instructions, which are: never to sit down, to wear becoming gowns, stand erect, and observe uniform politeness toward the succession of women and customers who seem to think it a part of their duty to insult shop girls. When the strain becomes too much the girls resort to the only re-

lief that is available—tear

"There are now a num o men," remarked the head of a big printing house yesterday, "who actually make a living off the society girls. Whether it is a legitimate living or not the public can judge. The girls don't know anything about it, but they are a source of profit all the same. To begin with, there are the scurvy scribblers of the society papers who sell their para-graphs about New York's pretty women at a cent a word, and who manage to eke a more or less twisted and unsatisfactory living out of the pestime. Then there are the lithographers and tobacce and soap box decorators, who take the faces of the pretty women of New York, color them into allegorical shape, and serve them up to the boundless millions of the country for the them up to the boundless millions of the country for the purpose of decorating their wayes. The instant ene of these girls becomes at all noterious, like the Duchass of Mariborough, Lady-Rangolph Churchill. Mrs. Potter, or any one of the others whe have jumped into fame, the cigarette manufacturers send a counterfeit presentment of their faces broadcast through the world. Then there is the sale of their phetographic by the shookeness. there is the sale of their photographs by the shopkeepers along Broadway. A further illustration of the profit is seen in our weekly papers, which devote a great deal of space and some mighty good engravings to describing the beauties of New York, so that there is a good side after all to the society gossip of the American press, since it puts bread into the mouths of so many hard-working and industrious desiers in personalities."

One of our magazines in an essay upon the French Canadians who migrate to this country, says that some of them foolishly Anglicuse their names, changing, for example, Boisvert into Greenwood, Sagne into Winner, Le Blanc into White, and so on. It does not seem to us that such translations deserve to be called foolish. There are but few Americans who could pronounce the names properly in their French form.

If there is truth in the report that Lord Sackville is to be appointed Queen Victoria's Ambassador to the court of the Czar, his Lordship will not there be tempted to

All the Mrs. Malaprops are not dead yet. An old nurse in an up-town family prides herself on her command of English, but sometimes she gets the worst of an encounter with the language. Recently she informed one of her ex-charges that "in the hospitals, Master Harry, I am told they don't speak of skin' any more; they call it the curricle." Her newspaper reading led her to remark that after the Mud Rud disaster the "extrea-tion of the dead from the derbis" had been attended with considerable trouble.

In one of the latter chapters of "Budder Grange," Mr. Stockton related how the ex Boarder, after he had mar-ried and had settled in his flat, found that the servant's room was too short for the servant his wife employed and so cut a hole through the wall into the kitchen, as that the servant might have room to lie at full length. Thousands of-people have laughed at the story as im-probable; but it may be true, if one can judge from similar occurrences. A lady had occasion late one even ing to enter her servant's bedroom in an up-town flat "What's this !" asked the astonished mistress, waking

up the woman.

"Oh, mem." said the Abigail. "the next family's re-frigerator do be right over my bed, mem, and it drips on me that much I had to put up me umbrella." Why didn't you tell me about it? I can have it fixed," said the lady.

"Sure, mem. it do be no trouble at all to put up the ubrella." eaid this contented serving woman. But the ak was stepped the next day. eak was stopped the next day. How he Came Out.

From the Washington Post Mr. Rider—Been to the races. Tom? from—Yep. Mr. B.—Bid you come out about?

NEGLECIPUL ELECTION INSPECTORS.

The Veting Place at 161 Variet Stre Four Hours Late in Opening. The Police Commissioners made the discovery early in the day that nearly 200 in spectors were absent from their places at the polls in different parts of the town. In many cases the absentees were found working for candidates who had guaranteed them a much larger compensation for this special work than they would have earned at the polis. Many of these inspectors were men who had worked at \$7.50 a day during registration days and then resigned rather than tackle the prolonged labor of checking the votes and counting the ballots

Senator Fassett was present at Hendquar ters when President French discovered the extent of vacancies. He told the Board that he would introduce any bill they might draft to prevent a repetition of the embarrassment at the polls. The Board hurriedly filled the va-

prevent a repetition of the embarrassment at the polis. The Board hurriediy filled the vacancies.

The most flagrant instance of negligence was that that cost a loss of four hours' time in the voting in the Seventh Election district of the Flith Assembly district. This polling place was at 161 Varick street, in a Democratic stronghold that gave Hewit 176 votes two years sgo. It opened promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning, so far as the doors were concerned, but only Republican Inspector Goldfish and the County Democrat Inspector, Jim Dwysr, were atgheir places. William MoDonaid, the Tammany inspector, though he lives in the same building, was not there. One hundred indignant voters were clamoring for an opportunity to deposit their ballots. Complaints of negligence in not remedying the delay were made against Cant, Thompson to Superintendent Murray, but the Superintendent found that the fault really lay at "Johnny" O'Brien's door and the Bureau of Elections. The Superintendent ascertained that the Captala had sent three separate notices in writing to Chief O'Brien, who apparently did not hurry himself in the least, and finally Capt. Thompson reported the case to the Police Commissioners. They filled the two vacancies acquickly as possible, but it was not until 9:50, nearly four hours late, that the first voter in the long line got a chance to hand in his Democratic ballots. The district covers all the blocks between Varick and Hudson and Charlton and Spring streets, and there was a heavy registration.

The Democrate charged that O'Brien had ick and Hudson and Charlton and Spring streets, and there was a heavy registration.

The Democrats charged that O'Brien had been purposely tardy, because he knew that the delay would interfere with Democratic voting, and it was said that the district leaders were to make a formal complaint before the Police Commissioners against him. It was 9 o'clock before he showed up in his bureau at headquarters.

The doors of the polling place at 329 Fourth avenue, which is the First Election district of the Eleventh Assembly district, were found locked when the voters arrived at 6 o'clock. Some of the inspectors were absent, and it was not until 8 o'clock, when Capt. Clinchy arrived, that the voting was begun. A number of the voters had got tired waiting meantime and had gone away.

A GREAT FAMILY OUARREL. Mr. and Mrs. Bowser Disagree About the

gone away.

From the Detroit Free Press Mr. Bowser came home the other after-noon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:
"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"
"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her feaving."

"Then who had? She looked heartbroken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt, telling her that she had been left \$5,000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?" on her?

on her?"
"No."
"No."
"No. Her position was in the parior about half the time."
"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Every thing will be upset now for a week, I suppose."
"Oh, no! You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two, I shall depend on you. Mr. Bowser."
"Oh, you will? Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me! I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"
He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause he said:
"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat, haven't we, and who's to dook it if I don't take hold?"
"I can cook."
"Mrs. Bowser, I've long fait it my duty to

"Hean cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter the kitchen and save my child from the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."
"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of a last year's turnic, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve my child."
"Shan't I help you get suppor?"
"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the recker. Mrs. Bowser, put your feet on the lounge, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When support is ready I will call

you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When support is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.
When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffe and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deenly as he filled the ten kettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the lee box, and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and haid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe, and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dishpan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along,"

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me', he replied, with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comior of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your nove!"

Then he went shead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about sods and shortening it bissuit and he prived the flow with cold then supper is ready I will call her away.

Toannot. Please return to your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about sods and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the floor with cold water, put in popper and salt, elsehed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in, and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder-blades, flour on his hair, and baking powder in his hind pocket. I do not know, but probably it was while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't triffe with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a duil thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a teacup, and presently the oven door shut on the tins. He had just forty buscuit.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he sue one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he suel one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he suel one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he sue in the cheese dish, and his beefsteak was placed in the centre of the table on a pie tim.

Apything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

steak was placed in the centre of the table on a pic tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh. no. You have done splendidly."

I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before.

His biscusts were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laurch.

"The biscuit; you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one!"

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and preiended to enoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak. Mr. Bowser," I said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself." I don't think it is properly a nice steak then

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yoursell."
"I don't think it is properly cooked."
"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak then we never had one in this house."
He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed every thing together in a flour pan, wiped them on whatever he could flad loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get. Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the neef and the biscuit, he said:
"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomarch of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago, You'd better quit this sort of nonsense, if you want to live the year out."
And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned to me with:
"Bon't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put roison in that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"

AT "THE SUN'S" BULLETINS

NEW YORK HAS NEVER SEEN SUCH ELECTION NIGHT CROWDS BEFORE,

Changands of Enthustastic Men and Womes

Wildly Shouting Over the Tidings of the Battle as Reported by Stereopticon. There have been many occasions in this olg town when the enthusiasm of its citirens has brought thousands of them together and made them howl. But never before has any election here attracted so many thousand men and women to one point as the election of year terday brought to the big square in front of THE SUN building. It seemed as if all New York had emptied itself in Printing House square, and indeed, so much of it as the square would hold was there. A dense mass of people was packed together from Frankfort to Sprues street, and stretched from the very steps of THE SUN building half way across City Hall park. There were, perhaps, 10,000 persons there at 9 o'clock, and two hours later this

number had increased by many hundreds,

The elevated roads, the Breeklyn Bridge, and nine lines ofhorse cars were kept busy during the early hours of the evening bringing so much of this multitude downtown as dicinot come on foot from the neighboring tenements, and it was a well-dressed crowd, made up for the most part of well-to-do citizens who on ordinary occasions are self-possessed and dignified But they couldn't wait for this morning's returns any more than they could help shouting or groaning with enthusiasm according as the bulletins were favorable or unfavorable to the crowd was the number of handsome and well-dressed women who were in it. They bore the crowding and jostling with good humor, and they caused amusement by the ignorance of polities they displayed by their questions, THE SUN had taken care to supply this im-

nense throng with the news as soon as it came in. Out in the square, about seventy feet from the building, was a tower, from the top of which the building, was a tower, from the top of which gleamed a big bright eye that east unon a canvas on the front of the building every bit of news that could be gathered. At times, in the crowd a little group of Republicans or beine-crats would be marked and they became immediately a target for much good-natured raily lery. Then, as a picture or some figures of the vote would flash upon the canvas, all personalities were forgotten. About lifty Republicans came marching across City Hall Park with little American flags flying from the emissor canes and with rattles in their hands. They forced their way close to the tower, where the stereopticing was at work, and gave vent to their entusiasm.

"Republicans have carried State of Michigan," said the canvas, and a wild yell went up. A little crowd of Democrats came marching down Park row waving bandannas and cheering.

down Park row waving bandannas and cheering.
"Troy reversed from 345 Republican to Democratic majority of 1,000," said the canvas.
The rattles were silent, but it is doubtful if they would have been heard if they had rattled their loudest. The Democratic uproar lasted for several minutes and was hardly stilled before the screen gleamed with these words; "4si districts out of 856 indicate 65,000 plurality for Mill."

Then the yell grew louder than ever, and was prolonged as these hopeful messages appeared: Cleveland will have over 75,000 plurality below liatem layer. Everything lively and the rooster is crowing.

lem River.

Everything lively and the rooster is crowing.

Whenever the news lagged the canvas kept the crowd in good humor by presenting pietures of the candidates. Those of Cleveiand and Thurman were warmly greeted, but when the pleture of Gov. David B. Hill appeared the applause was terrific.

Hewitt is a brave old man, and don't you forget it?" said the canvas, and the crowd shouted its approval.

"Cleveland carried his election district in Buffalo by 42 majority." set the crowd to cheering wildly.

As the night were on the crowd increased, both in numbers and enthusiasm. This horns added their blare to the sounds of 10,000 throats as the cheers swelled like high waves and broke over the heads of the multitude.

There was a big crowd at The Bun's up-fown office, too. Returns from all over the country were published there by stereopticon simultaneously with their appearance down town. It was the only place up town where news of the election was to be obtained by the public in comprehensible form. That the people appreciated the enterprise of The Sun was shown by the fact that an average of 1,500 to 2,000 people were constantly, jammed together between the waits of Biroadway, where it te famous hooded thermometer tells the tale of the weather.

mous hooded thermometer tells the tale of the weather.

As fast as despatches were received in this office they were telephoned to the up-town office, over a private wire, and called off to a stenographer. Who transcribed the bulletins, which were then transferred to glass slides provided the stenographer. Who transferred to glass slides from the stereopticon, and by him the news was immediately displayed upon a sheet fastened across the front window. The stereonticon was set up on the counter of the office, and the bulletins shone through the screen, so that they could be read in the street.

The crowd outside, which was always as great as the street would hold, received the news without excitement or wild hurshing, though there were occasional outbursts of rejoicing, as the night wore on, on the part of those whom the figures pleased.

And all the time the great thermometer, with its ashestos covering, registered the true state.

its assestor covering, registered the true state of the weather, and the crowd, whether het with hope or cold with grief, knew that there was no need of more or less physical protection from the doings of the Signal Service man.

TWO OF THE HORSEMEN ARRESTED. They Say It was They who Trampled de-seph Engler to Beath.

Alexander Smith and Charles Meyers, two of the party of six horsemen who raced through College Point on Sunday evening, knocking down milkman Joseph Kugier and trampling him to death, were arrested in Williamsburgh tin and Thomas Eagan, and taken to College Point. Smith, who is a tall, dark-complexioned

Point. Smith, who is a tall, dark-complexioned man with aquiline features and long black hair, says his father was a Winnebago Indian, and his mother was a white woman. He was educated at the Hampton Indian school.

The prisoners were arraigned before Corener Jules E. Cartier. At their request the examination was postponed until this afternocus so that they could procure counsel. The prisoners say they are not the ones who rode over Kugler, as they were the last in the race. According to evewitnesses, the men who rode the buckskin colored and white horses, the herses ridden by the prisoners, were behind in the race. When the man mounted on the white horse saw that his companions had knocked a man down, he stopped his horse and turned around, but, as his companions did not hall, he followed them. The marshals hope to secure the other four men to-day.

REPAIRING WEST POINT TUNNEL. The Bother Caused by the Great Caveda on the West Shore Road.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Nov. 6 .- The work of reconstructing the West Point tunnel of the West Shore Railroad is progressing slowly. The removal of the debris where the great cave-in of the roof occurred is attended with danger to the workmen in the form of free! falls of earth and rock, and has to be carefull

falls of earth and rock, and has to be carefully dene. But as the work advances, foot by tent, the reconstructed tunnel is made secure by the setting up of steel archés, each rib botted to its fellow.

The repairing gangs work in shifts in either approach night and day, but only fifteen men can find room to work together. The remainers have not as yet succeeded in dinging out the two cars loaded with passengers baggage and express goods that were caught and crushed when the dave-in occurred. Those in charge of the repairs say that it will take nearly a month's work to reopen the tunnel for traffe. Moantime, and until it is reopened, the the tard and Western Railrond, which formerly used the tunnel jointly with the West Charge road, will continue to run its passenger and freight trains between Middletown and New York over the Eric road, and its milk trains over the Susquehanna and Western road.

The Bones of Jo Smith's Father-in-law Disturbed.

SUSQUEHANNA, Ps., Nov. 6.-The Erle Railroad Company is widening its yard at this place. To obtain room the company purchased the McCune farm. In excavating of chased the McCune farm. In excavating on the farm for this yard extension it be made necessary to disturb a grave containing the lemans of Isaac Hale, the first settler in this region, and the former owner of the farm, lee was buried in the spot flity years ago. He was the lather-in-law of Joseph Smith having married of the Mormon religion. Smith having married Hale's daughter in the old farmhouse self standing near the grave, the house in which smith's plan for becoming the Mormon leader, and the finding of the Mormon libbs were had,

Gov. Blake Going to Queensland ST. JOHN'S, N. F., Nov. 6 .- Gov. Blake has been knighted and appointed to the Government ship of Queensland. His administration has been eminently successful. He leaves on the 14th, accompanied by Lord George Fitzgers d, his private Secretary, Goys-Blake's successor will probably be Sir Charles Lees.